The Feather

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The Feather

by TigerPrawn

Summary

“Will you come for me again boy?” Rochefort chuckled. One hand let go of the purchase they had taken on d’Artagnan’s legs and reached around, pulling the feather from his back pocket. d’Artagnan laughed, unsure when and how the man had put it there but amused at the forethought.

“I will.” he agreed with a grin. “But do you seek to encourage me?”

When d'Artagnan loses a bet he maybe takes things a little too far. Rochefort does not complain one bit.

Fic and accompanying art on tumblr

Notes

I finally wrote it Llew!! And a special nod to my writing buddies Vic, Slashy, Cata and especially Hotty who is way too thirsty for BOOTS! And the extraordinarily talented shoegazerx for the art!

“You lost the bet d’Artagnan!”

He huffed and frowned. True as that might be, he could think of nothing worse than having to carry out one of Athos dares as consequence of the loss. He had been too confident that he would win the bet. Too self assured as usual, though he found it hard to regret such a quality in himself.

“And what would you have me do then?” he asked, lifting his wine to his lips as he also lifted his eyebrows in question.

Athos looked about the inn with a thoughtful expression that turned all too smugly to an amused smile.

“Steal a feather… from that man's hat.” He grinned and pointed at the guardsmen passing the table and finding one of their own.

“The captain of the guard? Are you insane? I'll loose my hands if I'm caught… maybe even my head.” His eyes swept over the man and were halted at his impressive boots - making an impression on him that he hadn’t expected.

“In that case - endeavour to not get caught!” Porthos added with a grin, bolstering the challenge - how could he refuse?

d’Artagnan glared and shook his head, but then he downed his wine all the same and left the table.

He circled around, not heading directly to the table with Captain Rochefort and his company, but taking it in at a distance - eyes focused in on the large feather in the Captain’s hat. Perhaps it was the wine, or his pride, but either way he knew in that moment he would not back down. He would have that feather.

It took five minutes of appraisal before he decided on his course and set to it. He would brush past the table, past Rochefort’s back, and gently tug the feather. What could go wrong? He knew he could and perhaps should, wait until the captain was drunk, or follow him in the dark back to the training yard. But where was the sport in that?

He thought it might work too - as he reached forward and the tips of his fingers felt the softness of the feather - until a hand took tight hold of his wrist and yanked him forward. He slammed into the table, upsetting drinks and trying to move against the tight grip squeezing his wrist.

“Boy. What do you do there?” Rochefort’s one eye glared down at him as he forced him harder against the table. d’Artagnan struggled a little and he was let up from the table though his wrist was still held fast.

“*Boy*! You dare address me as boy?” He did not hold back the indignation he felt. *Boy, indeed!* He was a man now and deserved to be treated and respected as such. “For my honour sir, I will fight you all!”

Bravado and wine did not mix well, he knew that... but it had never stopped him in the past. And in that moment with this affront, he would happily take them all on!

Even so, the table before him erupted into laughter.

One of his friends, Porthos perhaps - though it was hard to tell over the laughter - shouted "Go easy on him, he's only a lad!" which made colour rise in his cheeks.

"Have a care boy and be grateful I am too busy this evening to trifle with you." The captain released his wrist and turned back to his men, the whole group shunning him as one.

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After another glass of wine and more taunts than he could bear for an evening, d'Artagnan left the inn and made his way back to the barracks. He took his time, sulking - Athos might say. He was kicking at the dirt when he heard laughing men approach. Looking back he could see the captain's guard heading towards him, though they paid him no mind. He moved quickly to the bushes and watched them pass - his eyes once more trained on the feather in Rochefort's hat.

He watched the captain separate off to his own quarters and hesitated only a moment before following. He lost the bet, but he would win the dare.

d'Artagnan was careful as he snuck up to the window, looking in and seeing Rochefort discard his jacket, belt and hat. His eyes followed the hat for only a moment before being drawn back to the captain as he loosened his shirt. d'Artagnan's mouth was suddenly dry and he felt a twinge of arousal begin to pool in his belly - a fluttering sensation that he had not felt the like of before. He drew in a shaky breath and licked his lips as he continued to watch.

Rochefort slowly removed his shirt and loosened the fastenings at the top of his breeches. d'Artagnan's eyes drew down to the man's boots and he couldn't help but imagine the captain naked but for those boots - polished and supple. He gasped at his own thoughts and let the breath out as a shuddering sigh.

And then the captain turned and looked at him through the window. d'Artagnan held his breath as Rochefort grinned at him.

"Should you be there boy?" The smile and tone told him that the captain had known him to be there all along.

d'Artagnan was frozen to the spot as the captain moved to the door and opened it. He leaned against the doorframe - his eye sweeping over d'Artagnan. The boy felt the look as much as he saw it - a shiver prickling his flesh.

"Is a feather worth so much to you that you would come here? Do you know what punishments I could order for you?" the captain scoffed.

The tone brought d'Artagnan back to himself and he frowned. How dare the captain scoff at him! He may have but a little experience, but he was not the naive young man he had been

when Radegonde had refused his offer of marriage. And despite this, if nothing else, he had always known his own mind and gone after what he wanted. This time need not be an exception.

He was just a little confused, as he took in the enticing hair on the captain's chest, as to whether it was still only the feather he wanted. Whether it might have been something other than the wine and pride that had spurred him on.

"Can I come in?" d'Artagnan asked. No hesitation, no betrayal of the nervous anticipation he felt.

The captain's mouth tweaked into a smirk. "For the feather?"

"Would it be that easy to retrieve?" He found the words coming out in a playful tone, and bit his bottom lip as Rochefort smiled at him.

"Perhaps. Perhaps not." The words were almost growled out, and d'Artagnan bit his lip harder to hold in the moan it threatened to pull from him.

"You would let me in then?" He asked, only releasing his lip long enough to say the words, and lower his eyes coyly.

"What if I refuse you?" the captain seemed amused and d'Artagnan could not help but respond with the a more playful form of the indignation he had felt earlier as he barked a laugh at the thought of being refused by someone with so clear an interest -

"Ha! Please be serious!"

At that Rochefort moved quickly to take hold of his waist and pull him into his chambers. The captain closed the door and pressed d'Artagnan to it, hip to hip so he could feel the hardness there. The boy's breath caught but he couldn't help the grin that spread across his face, nor the blood rushing to his own length and hardening in response.

"Don't you have a woman to warm your bed, boy?" Rochefort asked him in another growl.

"She turned me down." He found himself admitting, but with a grin at how fortunate that now seemed.

"Foolish girl." the words were rumbled next to his ear before the captain's lips found his neck.

"Her loss is your gain, perhaps?" He dared playfully and received a chuckle against his skin.

"Perhaps." Rochefort pulled back and studied his face. "You seem to me a willful sprite, what trouble you might cause me?"

"I am dedicated, sir." He bit his lower lip again, partly to quell the grin. "Almost fully trained as a musketeer. No trouble at all."

Rochefort huffed a laugh. “You strike me as the sort of boy who steals his father’s sword to pose and posture. Fanciful. Disobedient.”

He blushed at the truth in it and that seemed to catch the captain’s eye, as the man’s hand caught his jaw in a cupped hand - turning his head to admire him. “A pretty shade.”

d’Artagnan had no answer for that so it was lucky that Rochefort took his mouth. A deep and hungry kiss as he continued to press the boy against the hard wood of the door. When he pulled back d’Artagnan was breathless and knew the hungry look in the captain’s eye was reflected in his own.

“What would you do for that feather you want so desperately?” the words sent a tremor through him and he replied without hesitation -

“I would do nothing for that feather. But I would do whatever you want of me nonetheless… sir.” he bit his lip again without even thinking about it, his heart pounding and his cock straining.

“And if I want to take you boy? Bend you over the end of my bed and have you? What then?” There was a hint of amusement in the tone but it was clear the man was serious.

d’Artagnan’s breath shuddered out of him. “I would only make one request of you sir.”

“You would? A request?” Rochefort chuckled. “What would that be?”

d’Artagnan surged forward, pressing himself against the captain and throwing his arms around his neck. He pressed their hips together, rutting against him so that Rochefort could be certain of his arousal as he said - “please leave your boots on.”

*

d’Artagnan gripped the bed sheets in his fists as he moaned - doubled over the end of the bed as promised. His shirt was undone and loose, a little restrictive as it clung to the sweat on his arms. His breeches were pulled down to his ankles, pooling over his boots. The partial undressing had been fast and rough, making him worry a little about what else was to come. But then the captain had taken up some liquid - oil - and now he had two fingers within him, gently moving - thrusting and spreading, curling now and then to brush some sensitive centre of pleasure within him.

He had gasped at the intrusion, but the feeling of being filled by the man’s fingers went quickly from being bearable to desirable. When a third was pushed in he moaned again and dropped his head forward.

“Do you like that, boy?” There was a note of amusement in the captain’s hungry tone.

“Uhnnn, yes.” He managed to force the words out on a pant. He had known when he had seen the captain undressing that he had wanted this - or some variation of it, some closeness and gratification from this man. In truth, yes, even before that he had known - when he accepted the dare to capture the feather.

He moaned and writhed as three fingers spread him and Rochefort breathed against the flesh of his neck. He was almost delirious with the pleasure of it when the fingers left him bereft. He was about to protest the loss when he heard the wet sounds of Rochefort pouring more oil and spreading it. And then the captain was pushing into him.

He near yelped at the intrusion and jerked forward, but Rochefort's hands were quickly on his hips and keeping him in place as he pushed in and pulled back, imitation thrusts as he moved deeper each time until seated fully within him. The burn of it was a pain he could bear, the feeling of being stretched and filled making his own cock throb and leak.

He thought he might cum there and then, and willed himself not to. An impossible feat as, after the captain started a rhythm of long deep, thrusts - Rochefort took his cock in hand and matched those strokes.

"Oh god, no don't…" He managed, trying to bat the captain's hand away, but it was too late. His cum came hot and fast, coating his own stomach and Rochefort's hand.

He felt relieved when Rochefort chuckled and said playfully - "that won't do at all."

Despite the ache in his balls and the sensitivity of his cock, d'Artagnan groaned at the loss as Rochefort withdrew from him. The captain pulled him upright and lifted him, placing him on his back on the bed and smiling down at him.

d'Artagnan's breath caught as he studied the sight before him. Like himself, Rochefort was still partially clothed. His boots still on - as requested. The sight drew a moan from d'Artagnan and he couldn't help as words he hadn't meant to say fell out -

"I want you. I see from the hunger in your eyes that you want me." He was panting and grinning, not at all ashamed of having already peaked. He knew from the experience of his own hand that he could become aroused again quickly. In fact he was already stirring at the thought of having Rochefort inside him once more.

As if reading his mind the captain took firm hold of his boots and pulled them off, breeches too, leaving d'Artagnan bare below the waist. The man's grip was on his hips then as he angled them up and pulled the boy's legs over his shoulders.

"Will you come for me again boy?" Rochefort chuckled. One hand let go of the purchase they had taken on d'Artagnan's legs and reached around, pulling the feather from his back pocket. d'Artagnan laughed, unsure when and how the man had put it there but amused at the forethought.

"I will." he agreed with a grin. "But do you seek to encourage me?"

"Perhaps." Rochefort licked his lips lasciviously and leaned forward, sweeping the feather lightly over his nipples, sending a shock of pleasurable titillation through him. The feather continued to move lightly over his skin, drawing fresh moans from him as it ghosted over his cock, which was already starting to harden anew.

The light touches had him writhing and moaning for a firmer touch. He tried to focus and keep control but when he looked over, the sight of the captain was enough to undo him. His skin and chest hair slightly damp, body firm and toned. His breeches still open enough to allow his erect and leaking cock freedom. His boots perfect all but a thin line of precum that had leaked from one them and soiled the toe.

The feather was gone and then fingers were inside him again and d'Artagnan threw his head back in a groan.

"Oh God! Do you torture your enemies in this manner?" He moaned and was rewarded with a chuckle and another brush of the pleasure centre within.

After a moment Rochefort removed his fingers and d'Artagnan could once more hear the slick, liquid sounds of pouring and rubbing. A glance told him that Rochefort was stroking oil up and down his cock and meant to take him again as promised.

He found himself shifting in anticipation, trying not to move so much as to dislodge his legs from the captain's shoulders. He was so focused on his movements that he was taken a little by surprise when Rochefort entered him again - this time pushing in in one fluid motion before starting to thrust in and out.

d'Artagnan couldn't control the sounds spilling from his mouth any more than he could the leaking of his cock.

The pace would have been punishing if not for the angle of Rochefort's thrusts sparking a flash of pleasure through him at each push. He was already lost to it again and wondered how many times he might cum in one night.

He groaned when the captain took hold of his cock and started to slowly stroke.

"I like how it felt when you spilled whilst on my cock. I want you to do that again." The captain was breathless and his composure was slipping as he essentially worked both their cocks - one within, one without. He seemed focused on holding back and d'Artagnan suddenly realised Rochefort was waiting for him to cum. The hand on his cock, moving faster and tighter, said the same.

And suddenly it was upon him and he was letting loose his seed once more, coating his chest. Rochefort released his cock and took tight hold of his hips, fucking hard into the clenching rings of muscle.

He threw back his head and let out his own cry and he buried himself completely within d'Artagnan and loosed his own seed. The captain made a few more shallow thrusts before pulling d'Artagnan's legs down and falling over him as he softened inside the boy.

After their joined breathing had returned to near normal, the captain had pulled the sweat-damp shirt from d'Artagnan and brought him a dampened cloth. He cleaned the boy up and then told him to stay on the bed, adding at the end - "Do I have permission to remove these boots now, boy?"

d’Artagnan’s blush pulled another chuckle from the man and he finally removed his boots and breeches before reclining, naked next to the boy.

d’Artagnan swallowed and shifted. Strangely, he felt very self-conscious now, where he had been cocky and almost too self-assured before. Now they were completely naked together there felt a level of intimacy, like he was intruding in the captain’s private space - which of course he was. He started to move, realising it was probably past time to leave.

“Where are you going?” Rochefort growled as he pulled d’Artagnan back to him. Drawing him in against his chest so that they faced each other and the boys hand pressed at the downy hair so that he resisted the urge to curl his fingers into it.

“I should… go?” d’Artagnan offered but made no move to leave now that he was held tight.

“And what if I should wake in the night and want to sate this hunger you have driven me to with your silly feather hunt?” The tone was playful and d’Artagnan wasn’t sure what to make of it.

“You… want me to warm your bed?” he asked nervously.

“For this night. Yes.” Rochefort growled and nipped at the flesh of his neck, drawing a gasp from d’Artagnan.

“And what about in the morning, what then?” d’Artagnan asked, unsure what he wanted to hear in answer.

Rochefort drew back and cupped d’Artagnan’s jaw to angle his face to him. “In the morning we shall dress and make ready for the day, and as we are about to leave I will pull you into my lap and give you the chance to pluck the feather from my cap. And what shall you do?”

d’Artagnan thought for a moment, unsure what the man wanted to hear much less what he might desire. He grinned, thinking of what he might do if pulled into the Captain’s lap - “I’ll wriggle until you are so hard you can think of nothing but having me warm your bed another night.” He finally answered, pressing himself to Rochefort - whose only response was to grin and kiss him once more.

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